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LORENZO,

A

TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

ROBERT MERRY, A.M. Poet

Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum
Deſeruit pede pœna claudo.

HOR.

DUBLIN:

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1791.

LORENZO.

A

TRAGEDY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

AND SPOKEN BY

MR. HOLMAN.

'TIS held that Pleaſure rules this laughing age,
And Mirth has ſo monopolized the Stage,
That poor Melpomene in vain may ſwell
With rending woes, and direful ſtories tell,
No drops of kindred grief reſiſtleſs ſtart,
No ſob reſponſive ſoothes her burſting heart,
Her ſportive Siſter reigns deſpotic here,
And if ye weep, Joy claims th' ecſtatic tear.
If ſo, our Bard, alas! in luckleſs hour,
Has raſhly try'd the ſcene's pathetic pow'r;
Critics perchance will ſcowl with fierce diſdain,
Or giddy Faſhion mock the tender ſtrain,
But ſure 'tis ſlander, BRITONS STILL CAN FEEL,
Still judge our efforts with impartial zeal,
Whether we frolic with the jocund Muſe,
Or nobler ſtrains of ſacred ſorrow chuſe.
Let but Deſert expand its dawning beam
Or on the ſprightly, or the mournful theme,
And Britiſh ſympathy ſhall ſtill ſupply
Mirth's loudeſt roar, or Pity's tend'reſt ſigh:
Whether one ſpark of true poetic fire
Has touch'd our timid Poet's trembling lyre;
Whether he faintly gleam with borrow'd rays,
Or ſhow at times, perhaps, a native blaze,

From

From your auguſt award muſt ſoon appear,
Which he, alas! awaits with boding fear:
Yet ſure no harſh decree we need preſage,
From taunting faſhion, or from critic rage;
For ſince his cauſe by Engliſhmen is try'd,
The ſentence muſt incline to Mercy's ſide.
And if the drooping Minſtrel of to night
Has ſtruck the melancholy chords aright;
If, while he fondly pours the plaintive line,
He aims to ſadden only to refine;
If, true to Nature, Nature muſt prevail,
Each heart will ſoften with the melting tale;
And own, as once the ſage Enthuſiaſt * ſung,
Whoſe moral Harp the raptur'd Muſes ſtrung,
"The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
"Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears."

* Pope.

THE very flattering reception which this Dramatic Eſſay has met with from the Public, calls forth the utmoſt gratitude of the Author: To deſerve a continuation of ſuch honourable patronage ſhall ever be his firſt ambition.

Of the various excellence which diſtinguiſhed the Performers, he will not preſume to ſpeak; the gratifying applauſe they obtained, would render inſignificant any praiſe he might have the vanity to offer.

He is however truly ſenſible of their friendly ſupport, which makes the more forcible impreſſion, when he conſiders, that it was beſtowed upon him by perſons, whoſe liberal minds, enlightened underſtandings, and acknowledged private virtues, add the brighteſt luſtre to their profeſſional abilities.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Don GUZMAN (Duke of Alba)	Mr. FARREN.
Count LORENZO,	Mr. HOLMAN.
Don FABIO (Father of Seraphina)	Mr. HARLEY.
GARCIAS (Friend of Lorenzo)	Mr. DAVIES.
GASPERO,	Mr. THOMPSON.
Servant,	Mr. EVATT.

SERAPHINA (Duches of Alba)	Mrs. POPE.
ZORIANA,	Miſs BRUNTON.

SCENE, MADRID, *and afterwards in the Country, near the Sea.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 MR 1921

LORENZO,

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Hall in the Duke of Alba's Palace.*

Enter SERAPHINA *and* GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

SUBDUE this ſilent languiſhment, theſe tears,
Which vainly riſing to your eye-lids, fall
Back on the heart, as wanting pow'r to flow.
Does it become the Duke of Alba's wife,
Pale, and dejected, thro' the Court of Spain,
To glide a withering phantom, and controul
Each feſtive ſcene with ſullen melancholy?

SERAPHINA.

Alas! My lord! the temper of the mind
Cannot be chang'd by effort, elſe the ſmile
Should dwell for ever on my cheek, this brow

Should ſtill be jocund as a vernal morn;
But with affections different, nature moulds
Her pliant creatures. If in yon blue vault,
She bids the early lark exulting ſing,
She alſo teaches the poor nightingale
Retired amongſt the ſhelter'd groves of eve,
To trill the tones of ſorrow.

GUZMAN.

But anſwer, Seraphina, did I not
Raiſe you from fallen fortune, take your hand
Amidſt the diſſolation that weigh'd down
Your father's former greatneſs? 'Tis to me
He owes his preſent proud proſperity,
And a kind monarch's uncondition'd favour;
Then ſhall not gratitude at leaſt repay?

SERAPHINA.

Whoe'er, my Lord! beſtows his bounty, merely
To purchaſe gratitude, deſerves it not;
But noble minds receive their great reward,
When thoſe they benefit are render'd happy.

GUZMAN.

Do not full coffers of Peruvian gold
Wait your diſpoſal, and Golconda's gems
Offer their luſtre to adorn your charms?
And if you chooſe, amidſt the gorgeous ſcenes
Of Spain's magnificence, to vaunt your ſplendour,
Who ſhall compare with Alba's lovely lady?

SERAPHINA.

Your rank, your rich poſſeſſions, and high ſtate,
Never *allur'd* my heart, nor can they *gain* it.
A hapleſs, tho' a rigid parent's ſufferings,
To me were ſtrong perſuaſions, forc'd me firſt
To liſten to your vows, and then receive—

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Myſelf and my advantages, I find,
Were then to thee, but unimportant objects.

SERAPHINA.

Oh! I had wiſh'd to dedicate my days
To pray'r and penitence; the pealing choir
Of holy maidens, and the convent's gloom,
Had ſuited well my ſoul, ſo had I paid,
Without a pang, my debt of gratitude
To heav'n, for having veil'd me from the world.

GUZMAN.

Nor is it gratitude alone I ſeek,
But more, demand affection as my *right*;
Then do not thus diſturb my doubtful heart,
With wild diſcourſe of ſtrong perſuaſions urg'd;—
E'en at the ſacred altar you have ſworn
To yield to me your duty and your faith.

SERAPHINA.

To be the Duke of Alba's *faithful wife*,
I ſwore, and ſuch I am, and ſuch will be:
O you have all my *faith*, but for my *love*,
Did I not tell you at that ſolemn hour,
When, ſpite of my reluctance and entreaties,
You ſeiz'd your prey, did I not then declare,
With trembling tongue, I had no love to give?

GUZMAN.

Think you, I knew ſo little of your ſex,
To heed a timid maiden's ſupplications
Not to enforce what moſt ſhe ſurely wiſhes.

You

You all accept the nuptial wreath, with look
Of winning bashfulness; but then, I deem,
'Tis eager passion paints the glowing cheek,
And not the blush of artless modesty.

SERAPHINA.

Your thoughts indeed, and mine, cannot accord,
But sentiments opposing, counteract
That union which religion's laws have sanction'd;
Such is my language of sincerity!
I promise, therefore, Guzman! much to honor,
And to obey you truly—for the rest—
Heaven pardon me, the Will must e'er be free!

GUZMAN.

This frank avowal of essential failing,
Shall not avail you, Madam! Nor will I,
Your rightful lord, content me with *obedience*,
Prepare to conquer your too stubborn purpose,
And learn to meet my wishes with affection,
Or by yon orb that fires the western sky,
You soon, like his proud beams, shall set in darkness.

SERAPHINA.

O, whither shall I turn for peace or pity?

GUZMAN.

What, have I torn my laurels from the brow
Of bleeding danger, in the thickest fight,
To have them blighted by a woman's frown;
And shall *I*, practis'd in the seemly arts
Of polish'd life, with ev'ry youthful grace
To win attention from the courtly fair;
Shall *I*, submissive, meet your cold disdain,
And own myself unworthy to be lov'd?

Higher

Hither your father comes, let him approve
This baſe, injurious ſcorn.

Enter FABIO.

GUZMAN.

From you, Don Fabio!
E'n in your worſt adverſity, I took
Your daughter as my pledge of future friendſhip.

FABIO.

It is moſt true; and gratefully remember'd.

GUZMAN.

I have perform'd my part, and now you ſtand
In the firſt circle of our king's eſteem;
But ſhe, for whom I toil'd to reinſtate you,
And bade you triumph o'er a hoſt of foes,
Yes, ſhe with open candour, boaſts to hate me.

FABIO.

Your words convert attention to amazement.

GUZMAN.

I am, it ſeems, of an unpleaſant aſpect,
Of manners courſe, and void of qualities
To make impreſſion on her nice diſcernment.
Now let the mildew of opprobrious ſhame,
Wither my full-blown glories, if I bear
The foul reproach.

FABIO.

Daughter! I cannot brook

This vile debaſement of my friend, or ſuffer
That it ſhould paſs as proof of filial duty.

SERAPHINA.

O, do not further irritate the Duke
By wrong diſcourſings! Caſt a pitying eye
On your own child, your dutious Seraphina,
And let the ſuppoſition of that woe,
Which feeds upon her heart-ſtrings, intercede
To ſoften your diſpleaſure.—

FABIO.

A curſe upon the hour which gave thee birth,
The meaſure of my woes was not complete
'Till that untoward time; I know thee, traitreſs!
Thou art more noxious than the ſhifting gale,
Deceitful as the ſurface of the deep!

SERAPHINA.

A father's mercy ſurely might conceal
My errors, rather than thus magnify—
But nature has no voice to plead for me!

FABIO.

Rouze up your flagging ſpirit, let her find
You can command; a husband ne'er ſhould ſigh
Like the wan ſuitor,—laugh at her caprice;
'Tis but ſome momentary rage, which hangs
On her vain heart, ſome ſecret jealouſy
Of beauty more admir'd, or ſenſe ſuperior.

SERAPHINA.

O, faithleſs expoſition! cruel cenſure!

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

E'en now with less humility than sarcasm,
Her tongue explain'd terms for your sake alone,
She condescended to bestow her charms
On one so undeserving of the favour.

FABIO.

Despise the fallacy of female words,
Which simulate, and boast conceptions foreign
From the soul's meaning. When you came to woober,
You may remember how she seem'd to shun
Ev'ry endearment offer'd, and repress
Your ardent hopes by frigid inattention.

GUZMAN.

The recollection stings me at this moment,
And re-excites my then conceal'd vexation.

FABIO.

No sooner had you left her, than her tongue
Would tire itself discourting in your praise;
As, "what a gallant gentleman he is,
"So comely, and so courteous, do you think
"I am his best beloved, speak, dearest father?"
And then, poor soul, she'd weep, and then again
Descant in honor of your mind and person,
Till my cloy'd ear was weary.

GUZMAN.

Can it be?

SERAPHINA.

Ah! mock me not thus fatally, nor thus

Deceive

Deceive my lord; but with a true endeavour
Expatiate on the trouble of that time.
When firſt the Duke aſſail'd me with his ſighs,
And in proud preference diſtinguiſh'd me;
While, you with no benign obſervance paid
To my deſpair, ordain'd I *muſt* be his.
Have I not wander'd from the ſad abode,
Which then gave ſhelter to our humbled ſtate,
When the ſwift ſtream from Albatazin's hills
Was driv'n by ſtormy midnight to the plain,
And there, in ſolitude, indulg'd my grief?
Or when the ſummer's ſun in the red Eaſt
Gather'd his burning arrows, have you not
Found me low leaning o'er the chryſtal ſource,
Where infant Tagus from his flow'ry bed
Leaps into life; have you not found me there,
Freighting his early voyage with my tears?
From you, the inmoſt ſecrets of my heart
Where never yet conceal'd, and can *you* urge
That it was a Guzman I ador'd?

GUZMAN.

Ha! then
Some happier mortal, ſome inſidious knave!
With oily tongue, and delicate demeanour,
Had won the affection which I might not merit,
For *him* you trod the dreary vale, and told
Low-whiſper'd ſorrows to the ſickly moon.
'Tis well diſcloſ'd— Your coldneſs I could brook,
But that *another* ſhould uſurp my place,
In your ſoul's wiſhes, honeſt pride diſdains.

SERAPHINA.

Be tranquillis'd, my lord, there is *no other*.

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Perchance the adventurous hero now aſpires
To Guzman's wife, O ſpeak it if he ſhould,
And tho' to ſhun my furious indignation,
He fly to central Pyrennean caves,
And herd with wolves, e'en there my ſword ſhall reach him.

SERAPHINA.

Let not the teeming of an anxious brain,
Produce undue ſuſpicion, for I ſwear
No man alive ſhares Seraphina's love.—
Then grant this laſt indulgence, ſuffer me
In decent privacy, and calm retirement,
To paſs a life which is eſtrang'd from joy,
Which hope no more can flatter; ſo will I
Pour with unceaſing fervour the pure pray'r
For endleſs bleſſings on you.

GUZMAN.

Hereafter I'll conſider the requeſt.

[*Exit Seraphina.*

FABIO.

And are we made, then, of ſuch poor materials,
That the moſt noble paſſions may be ſhaken
From their conſiſtence, by each operation
Of feminine pretext? I've heard thee mention'd
As firm in council; and wide-ſounding fame
Has told of ſpirited encounters, where
Thy neighing courſer, and th' embattled ranks,
Bore a true hero, and thy reeking ſword,
Fell with a God's diſpleaſure; but I find
Theſe were, alas! but vain and idle rumours;
This hero, and this god, created merely
By the vile breath of miſbelieving praiſe.—
Shame, ſhame, my Lord, be worthier of thyſelf!

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Be then my monitor; for the cool blood,
Inveſtigates the mode, and rectitude,
That may bring 'vantage, while deceitful paſſion,
Is but an Ignis fatuus to the mind,
And with a blazing, deſperate allurement,
Leads us away far from our proper path,
To the unthought-of, fatal precipice.

FABIO.

Should you aſſume a ſportive gallantry,
Laviſh encomium on ſome other Fair,
And breathe with tranſport a fictitious fondneſs;
No more ſolicitous, if Seraphina
Be adverſe or propitious; ſhould you meet her
With exhibition of adopted ſcorn,
She'd ſoon become as amorous as the dove,
That with unwearied wing purſues its mate.

GUZMAN.

Shall I then practice mean diſſimulation,
To win her ſlow avowal of regard?
Periſh the raſh propoſal—No, ſhe prayed
For ſolitude's ſeclusion, and I'll grant it;
Then let her pine, and wonder at my abſence;
Yet, art thou ſure in my abſtinence alone,
Exiſts her hatred?———

FABIO.

On my life ſhe loves you; but in childhood,
Her moſt ſincere deſirings were diſguis'd
By wayward contradiction, and her face,
Shew'd like a maſk upon the true intent
That ſtruggled in her boſom.———

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

On Almunecar's ſhore I have a caſtle,
Skirted with foreſts reaching to the ſea,
Built in the Moorish wars: thither I'll ſend her,
There may ſhe languiſh in the moonlight tower,
And eye the midland main, and hear the ſurge
Roll its loud diſcord from the coaſt of Afric.
There ſhe may count the tedious hours, and load
The winding echoes with the name of Guzman,
Who ſhall be oft demanded ere he come.

FABIO.

The purpoſe I approve, nor ſhall her trial
Of perſeverance, ought diſcountenance
My penetration; the reſult of which,
Will ſurely be her ſpeedy wavering,
And unconſtrain'd diſcloſure of affection.
I'll bear your pleaſure to her, which ſhall join
A ſecret ſorrow to aſſum'd content.

GUZMAN.

Then be it ſo—but the time now ſhould lead us
To the throng'd court, with off'rings of our duty.

FABIO.

My lord! moſt willingly I follow you.

GUZMAN.

Where the benignant royal Ferdinand,
With fair incitement of exalted kindneſs,
Expects, and properly commands our preſence.

[*Exit. Don Guzman.*

FABIO.

FABIO.

Nay now, my ſpirit wreſtleth ſtifling
Its infamy's concealment, and its cauſe.
Yet what is conſcience? will can ſcoff at it,
For who that ſits in judgment on himſelf,
But gives acquittal of thoſe very crimes,
Which others deem moſt flagrant, for he pleads
Some proper motive, ſome neceſſity
Invincible, which none beſide conſider.
Yet, were it known, that ſolemnly I promiſ'd
The Count Lorenzo ſhould eſpouſe my daughter,
And that ſhe waſtes her prime in hopeleſs ſighs
For his imagin'd death, while in vile chains
He languiſhes, and toils thro' the dull day,
At the ſtern will of unrelenting Moors.
Or ſhould it be diſcloſ'd that I've abuſ'd
His letter's truſt, my ruin were complete!
But have I not diſcover'd that his father
Was my inveterate foe, and ſecretly
The cauſe of thoſe indignities I ſuffer'd?
Then let the ſtripling periſh in his bondage,
I will not combat with *his* deſtiny,
Nor reſcue *him* to damn my future fame. [*Exit.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Fabio's Houſe.*

SERAPHINA *and* FABIO.

SERAPHINA.

ASSURE him alſo,
That this his moſt indulgent tenderneſs
Has charm'd me much, and in my true regard,
Gives him moſt potently pre-eminence.

FABIO.

Then for your thought uſe ſuch appliances
As may engender ſtrong affection tow'ards him:
What boots it that a tenant of the tomb
Should occupy your heart?—

SERAPHINA.

Speak not, my father! with this levity,
Of ſuch as moulder in the grave! there *are*,
Who tho' they never more can love the living,
May yet adore the dead.—

FABIO.

The fleeteſt mules await to bear you hence,
And lend your chariot ſpeed to match your wiſhes.

Soon will I visit your lone habitation,
In trust to find these wrong designs subdu'd.

SERAPHINA.

Most willingly I leave the splendid nothings
Of life's exaltment: what is busy greatness,
The pegeantry of pride, or wild ambition?
They are the airy offspring of deceit!
But 'tis the faithful interest of the bosom,
The dear attachment, the transcendent fondness,
Which raise us far above each selfish meaning,
And make existence rapture.—Oh! from me
All prospect of delight is gone for ever—
In the abode I seek, my mind shall settle
To the composure of consistent grief;
And when, each day, with duteous reverence,
I shall have paid my vows to heav'n for Alba,
I'll steal one secret moment, to deplore
The youth I've lost, and weep for my Lorenzo.
Farewel, commend me to the Duke, Farewel.

FABIO.

My proper wishes bless you!—

[*Exit Seraphina.*

Her presence only tends to irritate
The haughty Guzman, and induce his hate
Of me, and of herself, but this division
Will, by an efficacious prudence, lead
To more content hereafter.———

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My lord! there is a stranger asks admission.

FABIO.

FABIO.

Bid him enter——

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter GARCIAS.

GARCIAS.

The nobleman I ſeek is called Don Fabio.

FABIO.

You ſee him here, Sir!—

GARCIAS.

My lord! I proffer tidings, which ſhall yield you
A laſting joy (or much my mind deludes me);
And which, perhaps, will render him who ſpeakes them
Welcome, however otherwiſe unworthy.

FABIO.

This introduction truly ſeems to flatter
My liſt'ning ſenſe, I pray you then proceed.

GARCIAS.

From fierce aſſailments in the proof of honor,
And num'rous perils of the grappling galley,
From ſea diſaſters, the imperious taunts
Of petty deſpots, and abhorred chains,
Return'd in ſafety, Count Lorenzo greets you,
By me his meſſenger.——

FABIO.

Ha! The Count Lorenzo! ſaid you, *return'd?*

Here

Here to Madrid? it cannot be, how has he
Escap'd from slavery?———

GARCIAS.

Were you inform'd then of his wretched fate?

FABIO.

O no! I varied many pow'rful means
To gain intelligence, convers'd with travellers,
Promoted wide enquiry, saw such merchants
As had an intercourse with distant states,
But all in vain.—Yet once I heard it mention'd
That he was dead, which sunk me deep in sorrow,
And now with unfeign'd grief I execrate (*Aside.*
His too assur'd existence.———

GARCIAS.

Methinks you seem to be much agitated
By my disclosure, as tho' th' event had brought
No exquisite delight.———

FABIO.

You do my nature wrong; but the first news
With so precipitate a pleasure met me,
That it overcome my reason, and my tongue
Wander'd without its guide. O blissful hearing!
O joy unparallel'd! I shall behold
Again the valued youth, the Lord Lorenzo!

GARCIAS.

If I possess discernment, this Don Fabio
Is but a hollow, and a base dissembler. (*Aside.*

FABIO.

Where may I find him soonest, for my soul
With true affection longs to welcome him?
And I have many stories of import

To

To vent upon his ear. O wond'rous rapture!
That he ſhould ſtill be living!———

GARCIAS.

To the much honour'd lady, Zoriana,
He now pours forth his thanks, for ſhe it was
Who trac'd his deſtiny, and then releas'd him
By quick-remitted ranſom; hence, 'tis plain
In all Madrid ſhe was his trueſt friend.
If you ſhou'd wiſh to hold diſcourſe with him,
Preſent occaſion offers at her palace;
But having claimed too much of your attention,
I take my leave:—Deteſted hypocrite; (*Aſide.*)
Exit Garcias.

FABIO.

May peſtilence aſſail him, and deſpair
For ever be his miſerable portion!—
Yet words are the fit ſolace of an ideot;
Wiſe men ſhould plan and execute.—I'll ſeek him,
And by impreſſions oppoſite, controul
His mind's miſgivings ſhould they work againſt me.
Yes, I'll exhibit ſome well colour'd tale
That ſhall deceive his viſion, for too far
Am I advanc'd in action to retreat:
Then ſhall aſſidious cunning and exploit,
Allure him to my toils, and there confound.
Exit Fabio.

SCENE, *In Zoriana's Palace.*

Enter ZORIANA *and* LORENZO.

ZORIANA.

Dwell then on ev'ry circumſtance of ſorrow,
Be eloquent in deſcription of your ſuff'rings;

Till from the ſad extent of ſympathy,
Reſulting from the *paſt*, my eager thought
Turn to the *preſent* with unbounded joy.
Lorenzo! to behold you here, reſtor'd
From horrible captivity, and from
The doubtful conſequence of daily war,
Sheds ſuch dear conſolation o'er my boſom,
That all its wounds are heal'd.—

LORENZO.

You may remember, 'twas the king's good pleaſure,
I ſhould approve myſelf an active warrior,
Worthy of this diſtinguiſh'd badge he gave me,
And which before had grac'd my father's breaſt.
For this I join'd me to the royal gallies,
Sent forth to clear the neigb'ring Spaniſh ſeas
Of lawleſs pirates and inſulting Turks.
But 'twere a tedious hiſt'ry to recount—
Suffice it, that our purpoſe was obtain'd.—
It chanc'd, however, as homeward we return'd,
One ſummer's eve, our careleſs veſſel ſlept
On the blue ſurface of a tranquil main,
While mariners and ſlaves, alike repos'd
In the mild radiance of the ſetting ſun.
As thus in falſe ſecurity we lay,
Three Mooriſh boats ſtole from a treach'rous creek,
And wrap'd our bark in flames.

ZORIANA.

O wretched moment!
How my heart labours at the dread recital!

LORENZO.

In vain we ſtrove, the furious blazings reach'd
Our maſt's high head, and all was ſure deſtruction.

When

When Garcias, a brave Spaniard, for whoſe friend-
ſhip
I long had born eſteem, plung'd in the deep,
And cry'd, "Lorenzo, follow"—I obey'd;
But we were ſeiz'd while ſtrugling with the waves,
And carried off to ſlavery.———

ZORIANA.

My fancy ever would conceive your ſtation,
And add to diſtance cruelleſt diſmay;
But if reluctant ſlumber ſeal'd my lids,
Then abſence was no more, my ſoul embrac'd you.
How have I thought to fold you in my arms,
And ſhelter you from death, how have ſubdu'd
Th' imagin'd tempeſt that portended ruin!
Throughout the night I was your guardian ſpirit,
And all the day implor'd protection for you.

LORENZO.

Kind, generous Zoriana! let me thus
Upon my knees offer acknowledgment;
Since but for thee my future life had paſs'd
In hopeleſs chains;—may every bliſs be thine!

ZORIANA.

Too long I *vainly* ſearch'd for the report
Of thy endurings, till by chance a youth
Who came from Tunis, being queſtion'd by me,
Spoke of thy injuries which he oft had witneſs'd;
And ſhew'd my mind the picture of thy ſtate.
But if my wafted aid obtain'd thy freedom,
O do not deem it was to *thee* a kindneſs,
'Twas to procure *my own felicity*.

LORENZO.

Ages of gratitude could not requite

Such

Such true beneficence;—yet let me prove
This heart's devotion by ſome loyal ſervice.

ZORIANA.

The ſoft'ring breeze that on its pinion bears,
Salubrious dew to cheer the fainting roſe,
Has, for its recompence, the flow'r's revival:
So I receive from thy content, Lorenzo!
A moſt divine reward.—But doſt thou know,
That, on the ſuppoſition of thy death,
Thy chief inheritance has been diſpers'd
'Mongſt various claimants?

LORENZO.

Why, then, be it ſo;
Tho' I were left in penury, and conſign'd
To ſtruggle with the world's worſt contumely;
Yet could I ne'er account myſelf as *poor*
While I had love, and honour, and my ſword.

ZORIANA.

Exalted youth!

LORENZO.

How ſhall I now reſtore thee
My ranſom's price?

ZORIANA.

Have I not wealth ſufficient?
And ſpeak'ſt thou thus to me? yet if thou feel'ſt
Proud irritation to diſcharge the debt,—
Are there not means more delicate and dear,
More flatt'ring to repay a female fondneſs,
Than retribution of vile ore?

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

There are!

ZORIANA.

Thy look of fond complacency, thy ſmile
Of tender greeting, would by me be valued
Beyond the richeſt treaſures of the world.

LORENZO.

Nay ſpeak not of it, gentle Zoriana!
For ere theſe eyes firſt view'd thy radiant charms,
Or my mind mus'd on thy extenſive virtues,
I was a zealous and true worſhipper
Of Seraphina's bright divinity.

ZORIANA.

And art thou ſtill ſo faithful, can'ſt thou triumph,
With perſevering love, over neglect
And frail forgetfulneſs: ſay can'ſt thou ſtill
Adore inconſtancy, and heave deep ſighs
To gratify a rival?

LORENZO.

Pitying lady!
Wound me not thus with dark inſinuation,
Nor wrong my Seraphina;—worlds may vaniſh,
And planets quit their courſes, but her faith,
Shall, like the ſun with pure unwearied luſtre,
For ever glow the ſame.

ZORIANA.

Know then, ſhe's falſe!
And that, ſeduc'd by am'rous ambition,
She has eſpous'd another.

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

May this be?
O wherefore did I quit my galling chains?
More bleſt were it to bear opprobrious ſtripes,
And linger out my years in lothſome dungeons,
With the dear ſolace to ſuppoſe her true,
Then loaded with this earth's proſperity,
To meet the demonſtration of her guilt.

ZORIANA.

And is it thus you can reward her baſeneſs,
With ſuch emotions of diſtracted fondneſs,
As, to excite, would yield me richer rapture
Than heav'n might ever promiſe?—

LORENZO.

If in thy utterance have been deceit,
Or even ſportiveneſs, I will abhor thee,
Not all thy mercies ſhall henceforth avail
To counteract my hate, O Zoriana!

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

Pardon this ſtrange intruſion, noble lady!
But Count Lorenzo's preſence ſhall excuſe
The negligence of forms, for my deſire
Is with an early and appropriate zeal,
To offer him my joyful gratulation.

ZORIANA.

My Lord! your coming with ſo fair a purpoſe,
Needs no apology.

LORENZO.

LORENZO *to Fabio.*

Is ſhe then wedded?
For ever loſt to me, for whom I bore,
With patience (which I thought ſhe might approve)
Each trying injury and fierce affliction;
'Twixt whom and me the holieſt vows had paſs'd;
Is ſhe perfidious?

FABIO.

Women oft are frail,
And few may boaſt conſiſtency.

LORENZO.

'Tis wrong,
My Lord! my Lord! ſhe was above all failure,
The countleſs virtues which adorn'd her mind,
Added ſuch power to perfect lovelineſs,
That none could deem her capable of error.

ZORIANA.

Compoſe thy troubled ſpirit, chaſe away
From recollection, that afflictive worth,
Which, tho' ſo ſplendid, was but tranſitory.—
And let one woman's conſtancy ſubdue
The mem'ry of another's want of truth.

FABIO.

In vain I urg'd your ſuit, in vain I pleaded
That you might yet return, mention'd your merits,
Your noble birth, your youth's advantages,
And all the promiſing proſpects of your ſtate;
But ſhe had torn your image from her thought,
And was ſo vilely diſinclined to hear me,
That I at length was mute.—

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

Be not ſo ſparing of the horrid ſtory,
Speak out, for I can bear it, can enjoy it.

FABIO.

Her wayward heart was ſuddenly enſlav'd
By the gay glories of exalted ſtation,
And more, perhaps, from vanity than love
She gave her hand to—

LORENZO.

Pray you, do not name him!
To think that he exiſts, abſorbs my reaſon;
To know him, it were Hell.

ZORIANA.

Tranſcendant youth!
Controul this bitter rage! O turn thine eyes
From the wild beach, where ocean and the ſtorm,
Shake nature with contention; turn and view
A tranquil ſeaſon, milder ſcenes diſplay:
Yes, ſhun the dangerous tempeſt of thy thoughts,
To caſt one look on tendereſt affection,
On *her*, who will, to thy more certain joy,
Supply the place of evaneſcent fondneſs,
With an invincible, immortal love.

FABIO.

The wiſdom of this council claims reſpect.
And if thou doubt of Seraphina's falſehood,
Altho' with anguiſh and remorſe I ſpeak it,
Know, that thy letter was, by fatal hazard,
Conſign'd to her—then buried in concealment—
Till, late in hour of pleaſure, ſhe diſclos'd

To

To me its ſad contents—but much ſhe ſmil'd
At thy diſtreſſes, and profeſs'd ſhe ne'er
Could, to her arms, have ta'en a wretched ſlave,
By fetters wrung, and ſmarting with his blows.
For verity of this, I've proof ſubſtantial.

LORENZO *to Zoriana.*

The conflict's o'er;—then, if thou wilt receive
My proffer'd hand, and to a ſhatter'd heart,
Be this our hour of union.

ZORIANA.

O Lorenzo!
I ſcarcely dare—but can'ſt thou then eraſe
The deep impreſſion of a former paſſion,
From the retentive tablet of thy mind,
And grant me all thy love?

LORENZO.

In truth I can.
When next, my Lord! you chance to ſee your daughter, (*To Fabio.*
I do entreat you, tell her I am happy;
That hearing of her baſeneſs nothing mov'd me;
That, when ſhe yields her beauties to the graſp
Of her damn'd huſband, when her eager kiſſes
Fire his cold blood, ſhe may not be ſo bleſt,
As to ſuppoſe the helliſh certainty
Of ſuch abhorr'd embraces, gives a pang
To the diſdainful and compos'd Lorenzo.
Tell her you ſaw me rapt'rouſly enfold (*Embracing Zoriana.*
The matchleſs Zoriana;—and then ſay, (*Speaking low*

That on the ſurface of this hated globe, (*To Fabio.*
Of all who agonize, and curſe exiſtence,
I am the moſt complete and hopeleſs wretch.
(*Exeunt.*

End of the ſecond Act.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *Hall in the Duke of Alba's palace.*

Enter GUZMAN *and* GASPERO.

GUZMAN.

DID ſhe not murmur, or in ought betray
Reluctance at departure?

GASPERO.

Rather, my Lord!
With eagerneſs ſhe undertook the journey.

GUZMAN.

There is a ſcorn and ſtrangeneſs in her 'haviour,
Which tends, methinks, too deeply to debaſe me;
I'll not endure it, for it bodes diſgrace—
Some ſentimental boy, ſome ſoft complainer,
With ſighs, expreſſing ſenſibilities,
Has caught her in the trammels of romance.
Come hither, Gaſpero! a word with you.

GASPERO.

I but attend your pleaſure ———

GUZMAN.

Let me appoint you ſteward of the caſtle
Where Seraphina is diſpos'd, there reap
Advantage from the profitable office!

But

But my firſt mandate is, that you obſerve
Her ev'ry action cloſely, and inform me,
If any deſp'rate minion of the moon,
Or whining ſhepherd, artfully approach
Her ſacred haunts of ſolitude and peace.

GASPERO.

In truth, my Lord! your ſlighteſt diſpoſition
Enſures my earneſt will, and faithful ſervice.

GUZMAN.

Then, be there no delay, but prove thyſelf
A ſwift and excellent commiſſioner.
The circumſtances will reward attention:
So, with a piercing and conſiderate eye,
Read all that paſſes. Should I have a rival!
You wear a ſword to vindicate my wrongs!

GASPERO.

Moſt readily your wiſh ſhall be obey'd (*Exit Gaſpero.*

GUZMAN.

The Lady Zoriana's ſudden marriage
With this young Count, is prominent of danger,
That ſhould demand reflection—for her wealth,
And courtly influence may generate,
And probably give birth to new ambition;
While I may loſe that plenitude of pow'r,
For which I've yet found no competitor.
'Twere well, however, to beſtow on him
Such ſalutation as th' occaſion claims,
Since, from the interview, I may diſcover
His natural propenſities, and learn,
Or to deſpiſe, or court his future friendſhip.
[*Exeunt Guzman.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Zoriana's Palace.*

Enter LORENZO *and* GARCIAS.

LORENZO.

O Garcias! Kindly grant me thy inſtruction,
How to eradicate from memory,
The worth and lovelineſs of Seraphina.
But on my heart her ſemblance is engrav'd
And there ſhe looks reproach, and with ſuch teats
As might become an angel, faintly bids me
Enjoy the new felicity of marriage.
Alas! I'm ſunk e'en to the loweſt ebb
Of vile contrition, for theſe lips which ſwore
Eternal fealty to the world's chief glory,
Have now to Zoriana, at the altar,
But a ſhort moment ſince, proclaim'd a falſehood.

GARCIAS.

Why ſhould you trouble your offenceleſs ſpirit,
By ſuch unprofitable meditation?
The lady you've eſpous'd is excellent,
Of rareſt beauty, of benign diſcretion,
Of a moſt princely line; and then ſhe loves you
With the pure worſhip of a tranced ſaint;
While Seraphina! whom your ſoul had cheriſh'd,
Prov'd falſe, and careleſs left you to your fate.

LORENZO.

Perhaps they've done her wrong, have baſely ſullied
Her purity, by the foul breath of ſlander.
Would the calm hour were come, when in the tomb
I might eſcape this intellectual conflict!
At times I more than doubt Don Fabio's honour!

GARCIAS.

Nor do I think that then your judgment errs.

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

There's nothing but diſguiſe, ſevere injuſtice,
And ſtrange duplicity upon this earth;
The ign'rant ſhew ſolemnity of wiſdom,
The iron-hearted Rich pretend to charity,
Cowards exult like heroes, ruthleſs Tyrants
Boaſt of their mercy, while hard Plunderers,
And infamous Oppreſſors of the Poor,
Weep at a ſparrow's falling.——

GARCIAS.

Alas! there's verity in theſe conceptions,
Which ſeem to overcome you.

LORENZO.

The Seducer,
With mild approaches woos the artleſs maid,
He lives but to procure her happineſs,
His proteſtations have the force of truth,
And he appears what *Woman* ſhould adore;
But having triumph'd o'er her innocence,
And robb'd her of tranquillity and fame,
He then can deem humanity deceit;
Can ſcorn to hide his baſeneſs; can avow
His worſt intentions; and, without a bluſh,
Conſign her to the rendings of deſpair.

GASPERO.

Be more compos'd!

LORENZO.

Do not the mean too often
Riſe to diſtinctions by ſervility.
Then lord it o'er the virtuous? We ſhould mark

How

How he that is exalted bears ſucceſs,
To judge how he *deſerves* it.

GARCIAS.

Nay, no more!

LORENZO.

Perhaps I've been deluded!
And Seraphina, in her virgin ſtate,
Still mourns for loſt Lorenzo; but if ſo,
Now that this deſp'rate marriage has controul'd me,
I do beſeech thee Garcias! to have pity,
Let thy benignant ſword pierce my ſcorch'd boſom,
and ſet my ſpirit free.

GARCIAS.

O ceaſe theſe ravings!

LORENZO.

Know you his horrid name who wedded her?
But hold, here's One of dignity approaches—

GARCIAS.

Permit me to retire awhile! [*Exit Garcias.*

LORENZO.

Now muſt I,
By difficult maſt'ry of myſelf, conceal
Theſe pangs, and with the ſemblance of content,

Enter GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Suffer the ſelf-preſenting Duke of Alba,
To honor Zoriana's choſen Lord,

As

As a new relative—the happy union
Communicates to me a proper portion
Of your joint bliss.

LORENZO.

This condescending kindness,
Makes me still more regret that hitherto
I've only known your Grace's excellence
From popular report, and Fame's applause.

GUZMAN.

If in the treasure of this transient life
There may be found one jewel of true value,
It is connubial joy.

LORENZO.

The sentiment
So gladly urg'd, my Lord! denotes conviction.

GUZMAN.

Could the possession of such perfect beauty
As never yet was equalled, heighten'd by
The most exalted sense, make marriage dear,
I were a husband fortunate indeed——

LORENZO.

I'd fain pay homage to your Lady's merit.

GUZMAN.

But she, I know not why, prefers retirement
Upon the coast, where I've an ancient mansion,
To the luxurious pleasures of Madrid.
In that retreat she now consumes her time,
And finds 'mongst meads and rivulets, more solace

Than

Than ſplendid Courts could e'er beſtow on her;
O! this her diſpoſition troubles me!

LORENZO.

Yet ſuch propenſities accompany
Refin'd ſenſation, and denote more feeling
Than gayer nature prove——

GUZMAN.

Ere you went hence, by martial enterprize
To gain renown, perchance you may have ſeen
Don Fabio's lovely daughter, Seraphina.

LORENZO.

O ſpare me, ſpare me, Heav'n!—ſuppoſe I have,
Suppoſe ſhe is the idol of my ſoul,
And that I now, and ever ſhall adore her,
With bigotry of love, what of it, Sir?

GUZMAN.

Whoever ſays that he preſumes to love
The wife of Guzman, is a daring boaſter,
Or a degraded madman——

LORENZO.

If ſeraphina be thy wife, I ſwear it;
If ſhe were wedded to a God, I'd ſwear it;
If fifty thouſand Guzmans were in arms,
Pointing their daſtard ſwords at my bare breaſt,
To murder me for utt'rance, yet I'd ſwear it.
Have you not heard, proud Duke! that I, Lorenzo,
Am her own promis'd Lord, and knew you not
That it was baſe, and cowardly, and mean,
To wring her cold aſſent, to be ſo curs'd

As

As thou haſt made her; for, inhuman ſpoiler!
Her heart was mine alone.

GUZMAN.

Go to the lady
Who has but juſt received thy nuptial vows,
And boaſt to *her*, how fond, and how ſincere,
Thou art; ſhe cannot fail to ſympathize
With the ſoft ſorrow;—'tis enough for me
To have diſcovered the long-hidden cauſe
Of Seraphina's coldneſs, and diſdain:
Her vile reluctance on the day of marriage,
Her ſequent ſighs, and mournings, all are due,
Inſulting Youth! to thy ſuperior merit.
'Twas then for *thee*, I find, ſhe pray'd to leave me.

LORENZO.

Did ſhe then wed thee with deſpair, and pour
Her heavenly tears for me; and does ſhe ſhun
The halls of pleaſure, and the gorgeous throng
Of the Eſcurial, to bewail my fate
In lonely ſeats, and melancholy bow'rs;
Bleſt be the moon which hears her nightly moan!
And bleſt the Echo that repeats her grief!
Be ſacred ev'ry flow'r whoſe freſh perfume
Is wafted to her ſenſe!—I'm ſatisfied!
I aſk no more, her ſoul has ſtill been true.

GUZMAN.

Prepare to do me juſtice with thy ſword!

LORENZO.

Away, away, thou haſt already killd me;
Like a malevolent and dark aſſaſſin,
Planted, unſeen, a mortal dagger here.

GUZ

GUZMAN.

How ſubterfuge of terror, poor evaſion!
They ſtain thy manhood.

LORENZO.

Think it thou, threatning Duke!
My life of honor ſhall at laſt be loſt
Upon thy ſword? In truth I mean to die,
But not to ſwell thy triumph.

GUZMAN.

Wretched man!
I ſcorn thee.

LORENZO.

Thou haſt robb'd me of all hope,
Haſt ſunk me to extremeſt miſery,
Haſt drawn, as 'twere, a mantle o'er the Sun,
To ſhroud his noontide glories from my ſight;
Haſt render'd Nature to theſe eyes a corſe
Of deſolate appearance; yet thou deem'ſt
That I ſhould heed an inſult, and be rous'd
By what thou call'ſt thy ſcorn.

GUZMAN.

Then take my pity,
Since thou can'ſt own th' extent of injury,
Yet want the ſpirit to avenge thyſelf.

LORENZO.

Be this thy anſwer! *(Draws his ſword.*

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

It is fairly ſpoken.

(They fight, Lorenzo diſarms Guzman.

LORENZO.

There take thy weapon,

(Returns Guzman his ſword.

For this roof proteſts thee.
Yet know, I'll ſee the Angel, whom thou dar'ſt
Denominate thy wife, but with ſuch right,
As the vile robber calls the gold his own,
Which he has baſely ſtolen.

GUZMAN.

Thou never ſhalt!

LORENZO.

Fill ev'ry avenue with armed troops,
Surround her with more dangers than e'er guarded
The prize of Jaſon, yet will I approach her;
But having once more gaz'd upon her face,
And once more heard her voice, once more embrac'd her
With the chaſte ſanctity of heavenly love,
Then, Guzman! I'll defy thy utmoſt malice.

GUZMAN.

There may be raſhneſs in theſe gallant boaſtings.

(Exit Guzman.

LORENZO.

He thought I dreaded
The diſſolution of this fev'riſh maſs!

Come,

Come, grisly King, accept my fervent vows.
Death! thou'rt to me no *tyrant*, but a *friend!*

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

'Twere well that Zoriana be induced
(*Not seeing Lorenzo.*
To aid the purpose, and prevent disclosure,
Of my preceding motives.

LORENZO.

Is it thou?
I have a shrew'd suspicion that thy heart
Is black and rancrous at the core.

FABIO.

What mean'st thou?

LORENZO.

I do believe thou art a perfect traitor;
And now with reverence I call to mind
My father's admonition, when he said,
"Lorenzo! thro' thy life shun cautiously
All intercourse with Fabio, for I know him,
Unprincipled, remorseless, and a villain."

FABIO.

Thy father was an abject—

LORENZO.

Peace, traducer!
Lest, losing my respect for those white hairs,

And due regard for Seraphina's parent,
I ſtrike thee to the earth.

FABIO.

This is mere phrenzy,
My Lord! my preſent buſineſs is to ſerve thee.

LORENZO.

But I will trace thy plottings and deceit;
Will bring thy deſperate intrigues to light,
Make thee abhorr'd by ſuch as value virtue,
And hold thee up to ſcorn and public juſtice.

FABIO.

Thou art indeed diſturb'd—ſo fare thee well,
Yet thy repentant thanks ſhall greet me ſoon.
His indignation is awake—no time (*Aſide.*
Is to be loſt, ſuch inſults too, demand
A dire return, and ratify my hatred—
Then what was policy, ſhall now be vengeance.
(*Exit Fabio.*

LORENZO.

The look was big with menace, and the tongue
Mutter'd infernal imprecations—Ha!
What hideous phantom hither comes to ſhrink me?
'Tis the fell fiend of darkneſs and diſmay.

Enter Zoriana.

Avaunt! nor ſhake thy ſcorpion treſſes here,
Back to thy dread abode!—thou'ſt done thy duty,
And I am curs'd enough.

ZORIANA.

My Lord! what bodes
This terrible diſcourſe, this burſting horror?

O tell me of thine anguiſh, and the cauſe,
Which fills thoſe eyes with ſuch myſterious meaning;
Changes the crimſon luſtre of thy cheek,
To livid paleneſs, and which ſhakes thy frame
Thus potently, for I have ſpells of love,
So ſweetly ſalutary, they ſhall cure
Thy mental malady.

LORENZO.

Seek the dark heath,
Where never herbage ſprang, or leaf unfolded;
But baleful meteors glide, and ſpectres glare:
There conjure up thy magical aſſociates
To weave the web of diſſolute controul;
There let the necromantic cauldron boil;
Sorc'reſs! I am now far beyond thy pow'r.

ZORIANA.

O exquiſite affliction! O Lorenzo!
Have I deſerv'd this of you; I who wept
To think it poſſible thou might'ſt be wretched;
Who ſought thee in thy trouble?—change thine aſpect
Thy frownings petrify my very ſoul.

LORENZO.

Attempt to ſtop the eagle in its courſe
By words, or bid the wintry tempeſt ſleep;
But never hope to check th' impetuous tide
Of overflowing grief that drowns my boſom.
Thou'ſt cruelly deceiv'd me, by vile hints
Sullied an angel's whiteneſs, has ſeduc'd me
To thy deteſted arms by ſhameleſs wiles;
Dup'd me, alas! to be thy huſband—wherefore—
I claim my juſt prerogative to curſe thee.
For ever now I quit thy hated preſence,

To

To find my Seraphina, to pour forth
One faithful tear, and perish at her feet.
[*Exit Lorenzo.*

ZORIANA.

Where am I, whither shall I fly for hope,
Who now shall aid me, when my bosom's Lord
Thus casts me from him? But I will not weep,
Nor rend my hair, nor utter fruitless groans
To the dispersing winds, nor invocate
The hov'ring demons of the night to strike me
With prodigal revenge: I'll make it transport
To suffer nobly, will encounter fate
With a proud eagerness, and lure my solace
From the sublime perfection of despair. [*Exit.*

End of the third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Grove——The Caſtle belonging to the Duke of* ALBA *in the back Ground, and the Sea at a diſtance——Moonlight——a Sepulchral Urn on one Side, upon which* SERAPHINA *is diſcovered leaning.*

SERAPHINA.

WHITHER is flown thy ſpirit, lov'd Lorenzo!
What are its dear delights; thinks it of me,
As thus I mourn in the ſequeſter'd grove?
Perchance 'tis wafted by the zephyr's wing,
That fans my burning boſom; or it floats
Amid theſe chryſtal beamings of the moon,
To decorate the ſcene with ſilver glory.
Ah! 'twas thy ſoothing voice, which ſtole but now
From yon lone cypreſs in the plaintive ſong
Of Sorrow's fav'rite bird; for each ſad ſwell
Had ſuch a heav'nly and prevailing ſweetneſs,
It charm'd my heart. Methinks, at times, I've ſeen thee
Melt into tears upon the flow'rs of morn,
And I have trac'd thy viſionary ſtep
O'er the gr y lake at eve's unruffled hour.
Where'er thou art, caſt one approving glance
On this cold Urn, which an unwearied love
Devotes to thy remembrance—If thou *canſt*,
Aſſume thy human ſemblance, that I may
Die at the ſight in ecſtacy ſupreme.

(*Lorenzo enters, and, ſeeing Seraphina, ſtands fix'd in admiration.*

'Tis he! 'tis he! such was his manly mein,
Such was his radiant eye;—alas! I know
Thou'rt but the offspring of compulsive fancy,
The harbinger of madness, yet I'll bless thee,
As tho' a real existence! it is true,
I'm wedded to another—yet, forgive me!
For they compell'd me to his rude embrace;
My will gave no concurrence to the treason.
O! do not gaze thus tenderly upon me!
I may not look for comfort, haughty Guzman
Will deem it infamy that I adore thee,
And say that I am base, because I'm faithful.

(*Seraphina faints, and falls with her arms clasped round the Urn, which supports her.*

LORENZO. (*Springing towards her.*

Stay but a moment, and we'll die together,
For by the holy horrors of the grave!
By meek religion's mandates, and the promise
Of undisturb'd felicity hereafter,
I love, I pity thee!

SERAPHINA (*Recovering.*

Can it be true?

LORENZO.

Tho' thou art torn from me, and doom'd to bear
My rival's presence with submissive duty;
Tho' all th' illusions of my youth are past,
Still to behold thee, still to hear thy voice,
Confers such potent pleasure, that awhile,
The dire assemblage of afflictive thoughts
Yields to the mightier prevalence of joy.

SERAPHINA.

This is no frail conceit of sad derangement,

For, as I live, thou art indeed Lorenzo,
The only rightful monarch of my heart.
(They embrace.

LORENZO.

Thou'ſt root within my ſoul, there grow for ever!
O! 'tis a rapt'rous and celeſtial moment!
Ha! let me rather fly thee with alarm,
(Starting from her.
As birds of ſorrow ſhun the living light:
Let me renounce this Paradiſe, to dwell
'Mongſt barren rocks of comfortleſs diſmay.
Where Mis'ry keeps her court; where I may hold
Diſtracted converſe with the hurricane,
And revel midſt the tempeſt's forked flames.

SERAPHINA.

Give thy keen anguiſh ſcope, for, O! it ſhews
Such bold, gigantic dignity and honor,
That happineſs, from the compariſon,
Would meanly ſtigmatize its vain poſſeſſors.

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

This is the ſpot that Gaſpero deſcrib'd!
He is already here. The lover's ſpeed
(Seeing Lorenzo—Aſide.
Has outſtripp'd my endeavours,—and their ſighs
Have had one mingling note—but to my purpoſe.
Lorenzo! Seraphina! joy attend you!
The rude and wint'ry ſeaſon of affliction
Shall change to ſummer's mild ſerenity,
And brighteſt proſpects now allure your ſight.
I am the willing bearer of ſuch tidings,
As from the anxious brow of diſcontent,
Shall chaſe away the low'ring clouds.

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

My father!
What mean theſe words of deſperate deception!

LORENZO.

What new invented cruelty has brought
Thee to this melancholy Grove, where I
Was off'ring to an angel, the full tribute
Of wretchedneſs, and with convulſive throbs,
Breathing a laſt warewel!

FABIO.

But hear me, hear me!

LORENZO.

Have I not heard thee utter fearful tales
Of dire, diaſt'rous import, tales untrue,
Which curdled my hot blood, and on my heart
Hung palpatating horror.—Did'ſt thou not
Lead me to think thy daughter was unworthy,
Light as the winds, and faithleſs as thyſelf!
That ſhe, with wanton willingneſs, beſtow'd
Her hand on Guzman, and without one ſigh
Of pity, had renounc'd the ſcorn'd Lorenzo?

FABIO.

It was humanity which told thee ſo;
That thou might'ſt better combat with thy fate.
But 'twas my purpoſe *then*, and has been *ſince*,
To labour for thy 'vantage, and procure thee,
If poſſible, ſome means of extrication.
Yet then I little thought, to ſpeak thee plainly,
Thou would'ſt ſo ſoon have married Zoriana.

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

Have I been deceiv'd
By Zoriana; is she then thy wife?
She, who had all my confidence, who knew
My truth, my love, my hatred, and my woe.
This, this is perfidy, it rends my soul;
My fate is now complete; farewel, Lorenzo!
[*Exit Seraphina.*

LORENZO.

Stay, listen to me, and my vindication
Shall overcome thy rage—Base Zoriana!
I give thee now an unrestrain'd abhorrence:
Ye torturing fiends, whose occupation is
To enjoy the wretch's suff'rance, hither come;
Banquet upon my pangs, and glut your famine!
Yet, Seraphina, I will follow thee. (*Lorenzo going.*

FABIO.

Govern this fierce commotion, and attend
(*Restraining him.*
To the calm dictates of consoling peace!
'Tis useless to have reason, if we throw,
With ev'ry sudden gust, our mind away,
And dissipate its force in wild complaint.

LORENZO.

Hast thou some new contrivance to destroy me?

FABIO.

My Lord! since last we parted, I have toil'd
Much for your service, and in truth, success
Seems not to frown upon the undertaking.
Our gracious King permitted me to speak

In

In your behalf, when zealously I urg'd
Your various sufferings, your reported death,
Ill-fated cause of the disastrous marriage,
'Twixt Guzman and my daughter; then I pleaded
Your earlier right, and my most sacred promise:
And next I dwelt on Zoriana's wiles,
To draw you to th' unwelcome snare of wedlock.

LORENZO.

Shall I give confidence to these assertions?

FABIO.

On all of which discussion, the good monarch
Bestow'd a kind approval, and declar'd,
His royal meaning was to make appeal
To the Holy See of Rome, for your disunion
From such reluctant nuptials, and to entreat
Its pow'r infallible, to grant permission,
That Zoriana's, and that Guzman's oaths,
Be strait dissolv'd, and Seraphina's charms
Restor'd to your priority of claim.

LORENZO.

Then she may yet be mine; e'en at the thought,
My bosom shakes with such oppressive joy,
As nature scarce can bear—What, tho' the treasure
Of her rich beauty has been basely pillag'd
By the vile rapine of a ruthless knave,
Yet has the bright unequall'd gem, her mind,
Escap'd the sacrilege, and I will prize it
Still more for the contrasted preservation.
But O! perhaps this hope is but delusion!

FABIO.

Doubt me not now, Lorenzo! By my soul!
I've taken nothing from the truth, nor aught
Exaggerated;

Exaggerated, but have alone display'd
The generous intention of the King.
Yet were it well, with profitable speed,
You hasten to the court, and there enforce
Your earnest suit by duteous loyalty.

LORENZO.

First let me gain my Seraphina's smile.
To sanction the departure, let me win
Her pardon for my faults, her kind assent
To stimulate endeavour, and the steeds
Which bore me hither, with redoubled swiftness,
Shall reassume their labour;—yes, I'll seek her,
Expatiate on our hopes, and then return.
[*Exit Lorenzo.*

FABIO.

How readily he catches at the bait!
And yields to my arrangement; so his rage
No more shall interfere to hurt my peace;
What's he that now approaches?

Enter GASPERO.

GASPERO.

'Tis Gaspero!
Who has obey'd his Lord, Don Guzman's will,
As by your late instruction was made known.

FABIO.

The daring youth, was here, in full employ
Of his design'd seduction; tears and sighs,
And miserable vows, and due complainings,
Had been exhausted with approv'd effect.
I rather seem'd to favour his deceit,

And

And now he hies him homeward to return,
For the more ſure completion of his purpoſe.
But, prithee ſay, are the men rightly marſhall'd?
They are no ſqueamiſh villains, but true heroes;
The very glory of black enterpriſe!
In all Madrid I could not find their fellows,

Enter SERAPHINA (*unobſerved*).

GASPERO.

A ſhort league hence,
Where firſt the winding road enters the foreſt,
They're ſtation'd with th' implements of death.
There ſhall the ſpoiler of Don Guzman's honor,
Receive his juſt reward.

FABIO.

'Tis well contriv'd.—

SERAPHINA.

Wilt thou protect him, Providence? (*Aſide.*

FABIO (*To Gaſpero.*)

Retire!

Exit Gaſpero.

Let the funeral raven croak his dirge!
And the lone owl chaunt requiems to his ſoul!
There let him welter in the wint'ry gale!
I ſhall be free from his obtruſive preſence,
And Guzman ne'er be troubled by Lorenzo.

SERAPHINA. (*Coming forward.*)

And will you kill him, Traitor? O, my father!
Forgive my intemp'rate ſpeaking; but if ever

Theſe

These infant lips prest closely to your cheek:
If e'er my childish prattle won your favour;
If ever you have prov'd a parent's feelings,
Pity a daughter's pains! Load not your conscience
With such a weight of infamy, that heav'n
Itself must be incapable to recede
From it's stern justice, or be moved to mercy.

FABIO.

Peace, vile Adultress! nor presume to plead
For your devoted Paramour; but think,
He gladly hastes from your polluted arms,
To press his Zoriana to his bosom.
Then from thy thought dispel this wretched fondness,
Learn to despise him, and approve the deed
Which rightly shall avenge such shameless falsehood.

SERAPHINA.

Tho' he were baser than th' envenom'd tongue
Of sland'rous cruelty could represent him;
Tho' he had wrong'd me by ten thousand means,
And gloried in the misery he gave;
Still would I prostrate thus implore to save him,
(Kneeling.)
Or die with transport to ensure his welfare.

FABIO.

Detested viper, hence! thy pray'rs are fruitless;
They add fresh vehemence to my resentment,
And tend to prove thee most degenerate.
See, see, Lorenzo comes, and thou *shalt* die,
If but a syllable, a look, or gesture,
Excite the least suspicion of his danger.
Be prudent, or this dagger drinks thy blood.

Enter LORENZO.

LORENZO.

Art thou appriz'd, enchanting Seraphina.

Of the approaching bliſs which yet may greet us,
Thro' the benign indulgence of the King!
And has Don Fabio told thee all?

SERAPHINA.

I am indeed appriz'd of what may happen,
But o'er the proſpect hangs ſuch fearful gloom,
That my ſoul ſickens.

FABIO.

Traitreſs! be circumſpect! (*Aſide, graſping his dagger.*

LORENZO.

Forget my frantic perfidy, which aroſe
From miſconception, momentary rage,
And the ſevere debaſement of deſpair.
Tranſcendant Excellence! no longer contemplate
The thick ſurrounding darkneſs, but behold
Hope's riſing rays flecker the wak'ning dawn
With faireſt luſtre—Yes, my Seraphina!
I've ſtood like ſome poor ſailor on the beach,
Who watches 'midſt the perils of the ſtorm,
The ſtruggling bark that carries all his ſtore;
And now I welcome home, with double joy,
The veſſel which contains my heart's beſt treaſure,
More valued for the dangers it has paſſ'd.

SERAPHINA.

Alas! the pinnace at the very port
May yet be ſtranded; O, beware, Lorenzo!

FABIO.

Another ſuch remark ſhall be thy laſt. (*Aſide.*
Haſte to Madrid, my Lord! and I'll engage
Ere thou attain the object of thy journey,

She will be well inclin'd to lay aside
Her present seeming coldness, and repay
Thy warmest wishes with unfeigh'd regard.

LORENZO.

I go—But hast thou not one gracious word,
One cheering smile to urge me to success?
(*To Seraphina.*

SERAPHINA.

O may these tears, which so abundant flow,
Be eloquent to warn you!

FABIO.

Speak no more! (*Aside.*
Confide in me, and quick return to peace.
(*To Lorenzo.*

LORENZO.

My only comfort rests upon thy care:
And since thou hast so solemnly averr'd
Thy good intentions, I will not distrust thee.
Yet, Seraphina, *look* with tenderness
At least upon me, as I say farewel. (*Going.*

SERAPHINA.

It is too much! Lorenzo, thou'rt deceiv'd,
Assassins wait in ambush to destroy thee.

FABIO.

Then take my promis'd vengeance!
(*Fabio draws his dagger, and is going to kill Seraphina, Lorenzo rushes upon him and wrenches it away—Lorenzo then prepares to plunge it into Fabio's heart.*)

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

Inhuman monſter! Be it thine to periſh!
(Seraphina now runs between Fabio and Lorenzo, and prevents th' impending blow.)

SERAPHINA.

O, do not murder him! he is my father!
And if thou injure but a ſingle hair
Of his moſt reverenc'd head, I will abjure thee!

LORENZO.

I will not kill thee, execrable villain!
This, thy proteƈtreſs, ſubjugates my fury.
Live, and repent! *(Throws the dagger away.*

SERAPHINA *(Falling on Lorenzo's neck.)*

Eternal bleſſings on thee! *(To Fabio.*
Look on the noble youth thou would'ſt have ſlain!

LORENZO. *(To Fabio.)*

Gaze on this purpos'd victim of thy rage!
And if thou prove no keen compunction, fly
To deſerts, where ferocious beaſts reſide,
And learn from them to humaniſe thy heart.
[Exeunt Lorenzo and Seraphina.

FABIO.

What! Gaſpero! Attendants! Ho! there's treaſon
Againſt my Lord, the Duke; ſecure the traitor!
Let no one paſs; be vigilant, be bold.
This failure in the mode of his deſtruƈtion,
Shall yield him but a tranſitory reſpite.
[Exit.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Hall in the Caſtle.*

Enter GASPERO *with a Key.*

GASPERO.

HE's well ſecur'd, nor ſhall his vehemence
Again demand ſuch numbers to controul it.
Hunger will ſoon ſubdue him, and his rage
Subſide, when left without antagoniſt;
While Seraphina, priſon'd in her chamber,
May pray in vain to ſave him—my reward
Will be ſubſtantial for this ſervice render'd
To Fabio, and the Duke.—Who's here? A Lady!

Enter ZORIANA *(in diſorder).*

ZORIANA.

O, Sir! if ever pity touch'd your heart,
I do beſeech you, tell me where my lord,
My huſband, my Lorenzo may be found.
Alone I have purſu'd a frantic journey,
Nor ever reſted ſince I left Madrid.
'T was expectation buoy'd me up to bear
The preſſure of fatigue; but ſhou'd my ſearch
Be fruitleſs, the untoward diſappointment
Would ſurely kill me.

GASPERO.

There has been here a youth
Of fierce pretenſion, and repulſive valour,
Who came, it ſeems, a ſuitor to the Ducheſs.

ZORIANA.

'T was he—yet, yet, aſſure me of his ſafety,
For danger, and diſtruſt, and horrid murder
Are all abroad, and each ill-omen'd breeze
Whiſpers prophetic woe, and ſwift deſtruction.

GASPERO.

He has obtain'd the meed of his deſigns.

ZORIANA.

The meed! O ſpeak! has he then ſuffered injury?
No one, I truſt, has done him violence;
He is a nobleman of high renown,
And excellent deſert. Support me, heaven!
(*Giving a Purſe*
Accept this trivial pledge of future giving;
You ſhall indeed be more than rich hereafter,
If you'll explain his fate, or lead me to him.

GASPERO.

Lady! I dare not.

ZORIANA.

Tell me, does he live?

GASPERO.

As yet, 'tis probable he may!

ZORIANA.

ZORIANA.

As yet!

GASPERO.

If you will not betray me; but I fear.

ZORIANA.

Nay, do not doubt.

GASPERO

I'll ſhew you to his dungeon.

ZORIANA.

His dungeon!

GASPERO.

Yes—then follow—but be ſure
That you return e'er a ſhort hour elapſe,
Or you muſt ſhare his fate!

ZORIANA.

I am content;
It ſhall be ſo—I aſk no further kindneſs—
That I ſhould meet thee thus, ador'd LORENZO!—

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Dungeon—a lamp faintly burning*—LORENZO *in chains, reclining on a block of ſtone.*

LORENZO. (*Raiſing himſelf*)

Within theſe walls, thus ends my ſad career!
O, hapleſs Zoriana! could'ſt thou ſee

How

How horribly I expiate ingratitude,
Then pitying lids would surely weep forgiveneſs,
Creator infinite! if on thy thought (*Kneeling.*
An atom's ſupplication may intrude,
Grant conſolation to *her* wounded ſpirit;
And on my Seraphina, in thy mercy,
Beſtow a bleſt futurity of joy. (*Riſing.*
Ah! what is this exiſtence? 'Tis a ſtorm
Of varying paſſions, and ſucceſſive troubles.
Firſt *Fear* aſſails the child, and then he trembles,
And ſcreams but at a frown; with youth comes *Love*
Torturing the helpleſs boſom, where fierce flames
Of rage, reſentment, jealouſy contend.
Diſturb'd *Ambition* next preſents itſelf,
To bid us graſp the moon, and waſte our days
In angry ſighs, and rivalry for ſhadows.
Till, to conclude the wretched catalogue,
Appears pale *Avarice*, with heart of ſtone,
Straining deluſive counters to his breaſt,
E'en in the hour of death. Surely to eſcape
From this oppreſſive being, muſt be peace!
Begone, then, fancy, reaſon, memory,
Since ye are but the miniſters of evil,
Melt into air, I'll be your ſlave no longer!
My brain begins to burn, my heart is burſting;
They've torn away my ſoul, my Seraphina,
And now diſtorted phantoms of deſpair,
Array'd in darkneſs, and convuls'd with fury,
Deride my pangs, and drag me to the earth. (*Falls.*

Enter ZORIANA.

ZORIANA.

Wherefore this dread obſcurity, this cavern
Fit for a felon's puniſhment? They dare not
Degrade him to this worſt indignity,
'T would be an inſult to the name of a Spaniard
That

That muſt excite commotion were it known!

(Sees Lorenzo on the ground.

O! is my ſight diſeas'd; cling not ſo cloſely
To my conviction, unrelenting furies!
Drain not my heart of its laſt drop of hope,
Nor blaſt me with this ſpectacle of horror.
He's dead, he's dead, yet hear me, my Lorenzo!
Leave not the hallow'd confines of the ſkies,
Where yet thy ſpirit lingers, till I join thee.
This cordial draught, meant for my lateſt refuge,
Shall be the immediate med'cine of my woe.

(Zoriana takes a Phial of Poiſon and drinks it.

Nor will commiſerating heaven refuſe
It's pardon to the victim of deſpair.

LORENZO. *(Riſing)*

What ſoothing notes of melting ſympathy
Reclaim me from the ſhades? O welcome, welcome
Loveſt of women, nobleſt of thy ſex!

ZORIANA.

Unutterable rapture!

LORENZO.

Fair perfection!
Methought they forc'd thee from me, and decreed
That we ſhould meet no more.

ZORIANA.

Ah when?

LORENZO.

How haſt thou
Eluded all their vigilance?

ZORIANA.

ZORIANA.

He raves!

LORENZO.

Thy ev'ry geſture ſhews divinity!
Amidſt thy treſſes countleſs cupids play;
Thy look is tranſport, and thy voice is heav'n!
Let theſe fond arms encircle thee!

ZORIANA.

I come!

LORENZO.

My life! my Seraphina!
(Zoriana running towards Lorenzo, ſtops on hearing the name of Seraphina.)
Why ſhrinks my fair, why turns from my embrace?

ZORIANA.

'Tis not for *me* to preſs thee to my breaſt,
To weep upon thy neck, and charm thy grief;
There is no pow'rful magic in *my* eye,
To faſcinate thy ſoul—*my* fatal touch
Would chill thy nature—I'll no more approach thee.

LORENZO.

O, why this myſtery of cold reproof?
My reaſon is diſturb'd, 'tis all illuſion!

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

The wretch who may be lured by hopes of gain
To execute the intentions of another,

May,

May, for a weighter profit, turn deceiver!
I will not truſt this Gaſpero, and methinks
The entrance was not guarded, or ſecured,
Nor is there time to paule, or heſitate;
Yonder he ſtands in meditation fix'd,
His hour is come, my rage ſhall make him ſure.

(Fabio ſlowly advances to ſtab Lorenzo—Zoriana perceives his approach.

ZORIANA.

'Tis ſome aſſaſſin! who would operate
Againſt Lorenzo's life—ſtrengthen my harm,
Almighty juſtice! Aid me to protect him.

FABIO *(in the act to kill Lorenzo,)*

Die!

(Before Fabio can ſtrike Lorenzo, Zoriana ſtabs Fabio—he falls.

Thou art doom'd to fall—'tis done—'tis done,
And I have ſav'd his valued life; to you!
Applauding ſaints! I dedicate the blow,
Which kill'd a murd'rer, and preſerv'd my huſband.

LORENZO.

O Zoriana!

FABIO *(to Zoriana).*

Thou haſt triumph'd! yet in death
I am conſol'd to think thou muſt be wretched;
No fond return of paſſion e'er ſhall bleſs the;
Lorenzo ſcorns thee! Curſes on you both;
Diſaſters wither you! Ah Seraphina!
Yet will I not repent—hends ne'er ſhalt mock me.
For trembling pray'rs preferr'd, or abject wav'rings—
O torture! O remorſe! Yet, yet, have mercy!

(Dies.

ZORIANA.

ZORIANA.

Such, Fabio, is the meed of impious daring!
May there be pity for thy soul and mine!
Alas, my nerves relax, my spirit trembles—
(Leans against the side Scene.

Enter GUZMAN, *wounded, supported by* GARCIAS *and* GASPERO—*Lights*, &c.

GUZMAN.

My Lord Lorenzo! pray be, loose his chains.
(Lorenzo is unbound.

LORENZO.

Guzman, thou bleed'st apace, what treach'rous hand—?

GUZMAN.

Scarce had I pass'd the covert in the vale,
But deeming my attendants were too slow,
I turn'd to hail them; when, upon the instant,
Some fell assassions, hired to murder thee,
Rush'd forth, and fixed their poignards in my heart.
This gallant youth, whom chance had brought to the spot, *(Shewing Garcias)*
Gave brave assistance—Ah! I faint!

GARCIAS.

The villain that I slew, proclaim'd in dying
Don Fabio his employer—and his purpose
To assassinate Lorenzo,

GASPERO.

'Twas, indeed!

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

O thy decrees are juſt, Omniſcient Heav'n!

LORENZO.

Would I had met the meditated blow
Ere ſuffer'd this redundant agony!

GUZMAN.

I truſt compaſſion will ſubdue thy anger!
Deceiv'd by Fabio, I eſpous'd his daughter,
Not knowing thy pretenſions! Lead me to her;
For I would bleſs her with my parting breath!
(Garcias and Gaſpero lead out Guzman.

LORENZO.

Peace! holy peace be thine, expiring Alba!
(Zoriana, weakened by the efforts of the poiſon, advances to Lorenzo.)

ZORIANA.

It only now remains, my Lord, that I
Should ſupplicate forgiveneſs.

LORENZO.

Do not wound me
By ſuch reproachful ſorrow.

ZORIANA.

I miſled thee,
Call'd Seraphina falſe, altho' I knew
Her mind unſullied as deſcending ſnow;
Her truth more ſteady than the mountain's baſe.
From *her*, too, I conceal'd thy ſlav'ry.
Yes, I have caus'd thee ev'ry bitter woe!
Have ſunk thee to deſpair, and loſt myſelf.

LORENZO.

O fatal hearing!

ZORIANA.

Yet love was all my crime!

LORENZO.

Alas! its mandates may not be resisted!

ZORIANA.

Since thou can feel its force, pity its weakness!
And think not half so dear was Seraphina
To thy regard, as thou hast been to me.
She well deserves that heart I now resign her!
May happier days attend thee! and my fate
Scatter no ling'ring anguish o'er thy thought,
For O! I pay the price of such deceit,
A subtle poison working in my bosom,
Brings swift oblivion.

(*Zoriana sinks to the ground.*

LORENZO.

Horror! Zoriana!
My cruelty has kill'd her! hither haste,
Ye vengeful ministers of eternal pain!
And seize your rightful, miserable victim;
Ingratitude, cold perjury, and murder,
These are my light offences, and I claim
The homage of the damn'd, and proud perdition.
Tho' I have wrong'd thee thus, yet do not leave me,
My wife, my benefactress, (*Tenderly to Zoriana.*
(*Leans over her.*

Enter SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

Guzman is dead!
I saw his life-blood issuing from the wound,

As his dim eyes were fix'd in ſadneſs on me.
I will embalm him with the tears of pity!
What's here? My father ſlain! Diſtraction! Murder!
'Tis deſolation all, mingled carnage.
Dear author of my being—laid ſo low—
Thy former harſhneſs now ſeems due controul,
While filial ſorrow ſanctifies thy corſe.

ZORIANA.

O Seraphina! I beſeech thee, hear me!
Let not reſentment for thy parent's death
Deny a conſolation to my ſhade.
I leave thee now to him I truly lov'd.
Unite your fervent, holieſt ſupplications
To the Supreme Diſpoſer of Events;
And, baniſhing my crimes from yours remembrance,
Plead for a wretched ſuicide.

SERAPHINA.

Tho' by that hand my hapleſs father fell,
Yet my reluctant reaſon certifies
That there was juſtice in the deed; then live,
And not one ſigh of mine ſhall e'er diſturb thee.
Far from the world retir'd, my penitence
Shall be devoted to *his* ſoul's repoſe.

ZORIANA.

Let me breathe forth my ſpirit in thy arms,
My own Lorenzo!

LORENZO.

Save her, Powers of Mercy!

ZORIANA.

Let thy lips beſtow
A ſacred earneſt of approaching heven:
In life, my heart was thine, 'tis thine in death. (*Dies.*

SERAPHINA

SERAPHINA (*To Zoriana.*)

Alas, thy love deſerv'd a different fate!
How vain are the preſumptuous ſchemes of man!
How fleetingly deluſive ev'ry proſpect
Of life's uncertain journey! *There* alone
In yonder ſapphire region, may be found
Content and pure proſperity of virtue!

LORENZO.

Sad ſympathy ſhall be our only refuge
For, from her memories, muſt time, in vain
Endeavour to obliterate the ſcene
Of ſuch unparallel'd calamity.

To chaſe this darkneſs no fair morn ſhall riſe,
No fond endearment diſſipate our ſighs,
Leſt, in affliction's bitt'reſt pangs, to prove
The mutual agonies of fruitleſs love.

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FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY

MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

AND SPOKEN BY

MRS. MATTOCKS,

WHEN tragic pomp, and ſolemn ſounds are o'er,
When ſtorms, and ſtarts, and groans are heard no more;
Hard is her taſk, the Heroine of the paſt,
Who on this welcome floor has breath'd her laſt;
Snatch'd from the peaceful grave, again to riſe,
And titter at her own ſhort obſequies;
If her you pity, what do you think of me?
Torn from my comfortable diſh of tea;
No warm impaſſion'd ſcenes to rant and reel in,
Nor love, nor murder to aſſiſt my feeling;
Sent like ſome Merry Andrew at a Fair,
To mimic follies, and to make folks ſtare.
(Imitates a Trumpet) "Walk in—Ladies and Gentlemen—walk in—
"The notified—juſt going to begin"—
What ſhall I ſay? Our ever grateful bard,
Who, in your tears, hath found his beſt reward;
Still humbly hopes, to crown his anxious toil,
Th' enlivening ray of one approving ſmile;
Unite with generous warmth to aid his cauſe,
No fear to bring the houſe down with applauſe.
Our walls are ſtrong, they baffle Time's attacks—
Crowd hither as you will—we dread no craks.—
Much could I offer in our Bard's defence,
But faſhion is too much at war with ſenſe;
The higher ranks have long let reaſon 'ſcape 'em;
John Bull at length ſtrives, awkwardly, to ape 'em.—
"Fegs," cries fat Madam Dump, from Wapping Wall,
"I don't love plays no longer, not at all;
"They're now ſo vulgar, and begin ſo ſoon,
"None but low people dines till afternoon;
"Then they mean *ſummot*, and the like o' that,
"And it's impoſſible to ſit and chat.—

"Give

EPILOGUE.

" Give me the Uppero, where folks come ſo grand in,
" And nobody need have no underſtanding"—
That's right, Mama, rejoins the darling plump,
Miſs Carolina Wilhelmina Dump;
" Puppa's a fool—with his old faſhion'd jokes
" About your Shakſpears, and ſuch ſurly folks:
" He hates a *Conſort*, Ma', and that you know—
" O yes, my Chuck, I found that long ago.—
" Well, I ſhould like a conſort every night,
" Sweet Signor Thingomtee is my delight.
" Then it's ſo taſty, that all muſt agree on,
" To talk about one's box at the Pantheon;
" To ſcrouge the Coffee Room, to ſee the *Ballet*,
" Or ſquint at the ſmart Jemmies in Fop's Alley."
Fop's Alley! Scene of wonder and ſurprize,
Where all that's graceful, blends with all that's wiſe;
Where Britain's youth, like horſes to be ſold,
Sport their ſtrip'd flannel cloathing ſeven fold.
And thou dear region of enchanting ſounds,
Whoſe magic every meaner ſenſe confounds,
Forgive me, if awhile, in mirthful glee,
I dare to triſle with thy dignity!
Suppoſe, as foremoſt of the ſplendid groupe,
Enter great Julius Cæſar in a hoop.
(*Sings.*) Ambizione! del Tiranno!
Piu forte, piu pianno, ache fin—
" Zounds! here's my warrant, and I will come in.
" Diavolo! who come here to ſo confound us!
" The conſtables to take you to the Round-houſe;
" De Round-houſe—Mi!—You know, Sir, what I am,
" Could I ſpeak Engliſh, how I'd ſwear *Got dam.*"—
Now comes the dance, the demi-caractere,
Chacone, the pas de deux, the here, the there;
And laſt the Chief, high bounding on the looſe toe,
Or poiz'd like any Mercury—a che guſto!
(*Stands on one leg.*
In fruitleſs pleaſure or deſtructive play,
The ſlaves of faſhion fritter life away;
Yet let the Bard no force'd attractions fear,
For nature's feelings ſtill will triumph here.

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